

The Lover's Whisper, Irresistible

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The Lover's Whisper, Irresistible

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Summary

"You're giving me that look." He said after a moment, and Will innocently inclined his head.

"I'm not aware of a look." He lied, blinking.

Hannibal's getting ready to go to suit-and-tie event, and Will realises he wants to be suit-and-tied UP.

Notes

Title: The Iliad by Homer

"What?" Will asked, obviously trying to conceal a grin. Hannibal had met his gaze in the mirror in the middle of tying his tie, and quirked a pale brow. He'd only noticed he'd been caught when a smile appeared in Hannibal's eyes as he loosely tied up his hair.

"You're staring."

"So?" Will smiled then, looking back down to his book, and back up, "Can't a man watch his beloved get dressed?"

Hannibal smoothed down the lines of his waistcoat, a shade of deep crimson, almost brown; something Will had commented on, saying that it looked like dried blood. It wasn't a bad thing, he'd added. Adjusting his cufflinks, Hannibal looked to Will's reflection again, "Not if you have an ulterior motive."

"Whatever would that be?" Will leant back slightly on their bed he'd draped himself across, a place perfect for watching Hannibal's routine, he'd figured. Like a vantage point. Glancing up from the novel, his stare roamed up and down Hannibal's back, eyes lingering on his ass for a very brief time, just so he knew it would be noticed. It tickled him that Hannibal hadn't turned to face him yet. Then again, he was afraid that if he did, seeing the statuesque frame of his body in such formal attire again after so long, might make him lose his mind: "Are you going to miss me?"

A tired Hannibal would've sighed, but he was too quietly excited to indulge the feeling of longing the spread low in his stomach, "More than you're able to imagine." Will's grin widened at that, then he stifled it, "It's a dreadful shame you aren't able to come with me- you enjoy this sort of thing." Will scoffed, shutting his book and lounging back.

"With *you*, I enjoy it. Besides, I don't think a plus-one is allowed their own plus-one. That'd just be rude."

"I'd dismiss rudeness for you to be there."

"I don't doubt that." Will shrugged, acting far more unbothered than he was by the statement, "But I don't want you to." He let his head lull back against the pillows, "I'm sure you'll find it *thrilling*, even in my absence."

Hannibal combed through his beard with some expensive product, turning around to face Will, meeting his eyes: "You're giving me that look." He said after a moment, and Will innocently inclined his head.

"I'm not aware of a look." He lied, blinking.

"Yes, you are. You're acutely aware of everything you do." It didn't even seem like he was approaching him, he was moving so slowly, so calculated: "You're doing it right now." The lazy curve of his neck made Hannibal want to curl his hand over it. Concealing, holding. Possess. Will knew this.

"Is it a good look?" He teased, looking up at him as he came up to the bed.

Hannibal leant down, hands finding the space either side of Will, making the mattress undulate, "It's *persuasive*." He murmured lowly, just by his ear, mouth ghosting his jaw as if he was going in to kiss him. But instead, he swiped up his suit jacket from where it was hung over the back of the headboard, and straightened back up.

"You say that as if it's a bad thing." Will offered, pretending to be unaffected. Hannibal stepped away again, back to the mirror, Will's warmed eyes fixed on him as he gracelessly pulled on his suit jacket, correcting the lines of his sleeves.

"I say that instead of what it truly is."

Carefully, Will fidgeted to disguise the real effect Hannibal's sudden proximity had on him. It was probably useless, considering his sense of smell, "Do tell."

"Manipulative."

In response, Will hummed, rather unconvinced, "I sense hypocrisy."

"When have you known me to be manipulative?" The corner of Hannibal's mouth quirked when Will gave him an unimpressed look.

"You're incredulous."

"I am indeed." Hannibal agreed, smugness hardly apparent in his voice, but there in his eyes when he circled the bed again and stood at the end of it, buttoning the jacket. Expression suddenly intense with pinpointed desire, Will got up and moved on his knees to the edge of the bed where Hannibal stood; raising his hand, taking a hold of his tie, and wrapping around his fingers. A last attempt was made to resist him in the fastening of another button, but a curt pull to the silk around his neck rendered it meaningless.

Will smiled again, when he saw Hannibal's eyes darken, feeling his attention moving on his skin like a physical touch, "You're a manipulative bastard too. You know that?"

"Mmhm." Hannibal found a smile of his own, mirroring the angle of Will's head to properly meet his gaze, "Is it working?" Another twitch of his arm, and Will had him pulled flush against him, broad palms settling on his hips. He moved back when Hannibal leaned into him, avoiding his lips to speak below his ear.

"Check for yourself."

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